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PLATE 66.—Bororo country and houses. *Top:* Air view of the Chapadão, north of Cuyabá. *Below:* Above palm-thatched hut. (Courtesy University Museum, Philadelphia.)

[P. 432-A]

3:Petrullo E-5 (1931)1932 SP8 Bororo SP8
Mato Grosso SP1

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175 pleted its work. There still are many regions to be explored, and many tribes to be pacified.

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133 Straddling as it does the Amazonian and Paraguayan drainage systems, Matto Grosso does not form a geographic unit, but is divisible topographically into three sections, each differing from the others in important geographic features. The south, drained by the Paraguay system, is low flat country subject to yearly floods which convert it into a veritable lake dotted with a few islands to which animal and human life retreats. At the height of the dry season this same plain becomes so arid that habitation is limited to the borders of the larger streams or the larger water holes. For the most part it is open grass country, with islands of jungle and palm groves to which the wild life withdraws during the day. Bordering the streams is found the thick and almost impenetrable jungle, presenting two solid walls of green vegetation
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136 transformed in season to walls of flowers. In this country, bird life is rich and varied; mammalian life is plentiful and attains unusual size, especially in the cat family, one member of which, the jaguar, attains the size of a female Bengal tiger; tapir, capivara, deer, peccary, and otter abound, as well as various species of reptiles which crowd the banks of the rivers during the dry season; fish of many kinds, including the notorious piranha, crowd the rivers. [Plates II, 2; III, 1; IV, 1.]

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1B The central plateau area, the chapadão, is in direct contrast with the southern portion, the pantanal. It rises abruptly from the pantanal to some twenty-five hundred feet in a series of steps [Plate IV, 1]. It is an undulating, open, sandstone table-land, cut into segments by numerous jungle-bordered streams that are the fountains of the Paraguay and southern affluents of the Amazon. Flat-topped escarpments, constantly being undermined by the streams, break the monotony of the vast open expanse. These sandy and open wind-swept moorlands are covered with grasses, shrubs and dwarf palms. Though many species of plants may be found, there is no luxuriant vegetation. Likewise, animal life, though it may be varied enough, is not abundant.

Where the Amazonian waters begin to assume the proportions of rivers, the Amazonian forest belt begins. Conditions in certain features approximate those of the pantanal. Bird life is richer than in the

[Text continues on p. 98]

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FIGURE 1. THE PORT OF CORUMBÁ

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FIGURE 2. THE PARAGUAY RIVER AT DESCAVALDOS

3:Petrullo E-5 (1931)1932 SP8 Bororo SP8

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FIGURE 2. THE JAGUAR DANCE OF THE BORORO OF CAMPANHA

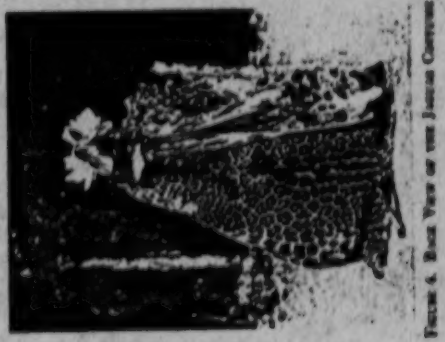

FIGURE 4. BACK VIEW OF THE JAGUAR COSTUME

• [133]

FIGURE 1. AN VIEW OF THE FEATHER PAINTING

FIGURE 3. THE [illegible] OF THE JAGUAR

[P. 99]

[Plate III]

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With the exception of the hills of Dourados, the country between Corumbá and S. Luis de Caceres is pantanal, with here and there a hill or range of hills rising abruptly from the level lowlands. Between Dourados and the Jauru river, the Bolivian border and the Paraguay river, is the vast ranch of Descavaldos, which is larger than Belgium in area, with many thousands of cattle roaming its meadows and an insignificant number of people to testify to its existence as a reclaimed land. Wild life is more abundant than the cattle, demonstrating its great tenacity in comparison to human life. Its original human inhabitants have gone, and new ones, Brazilian, Paraguayan, Bolivian, German and American, have taken their place. A mere handful of Bororo, who are so only in name, remain where there were once thousands.

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But the ranch is rich in archaeology. Its aboriginal population planted in the ground some phases of its culture which have withstood the action of water and other destructive elements. There are numerous localities where the archaeologist can recover some of the products of the arts of the now-extinct tribes. The newcomers to the land have not left these undisturbed. In the making of caña and in keeping it afterwards the large funeral urns that can be so easily gotten from the ground have been found to be excellent receptacles. In the making of new pottery, it has been discovered that the clay of the old mixed with the fresh preparation, gives it a better temper. The result of these two useful discoveries has been the ruthless excavation of a number of sites in a most destructive way. Fortunately the area is a vast one and the population very sparse, and archaeology is to be found everywhere, so that the scientist can still tap fresh and undisturbed sources.

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It has been known that urn fields are plentiful in the region, and Max Schmidt also discovered petroglyphs in the hills of the Morro do Triompho near the Ilha de Caracaras. The natives also report the presence of mounds or tumuli, from one of which at Agua Verde, located on the Descavaldos ranch, the specimen shown in Plate XIX, 3 is supposed to have come, according to the lessee of the territory. It had been planned to visit the Morro do Triompho and the hills of Dourados to search for petroglyphs, and also to excavate one of these mounds. Climatic conditions interfered, causing the abandonment of these projects, for when the waters were high it was impossible to reach the desired localities, and when they had withdrawn, ethnology was occupying my attention.

[text continues on p. 106]

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FIGURE 1. AIR VIEW OF DESCALVADO SHOWING LOCATIONS OF THE CEMETERIES

MB 172

FIGURE 2. A SECTION OF CEMETERY II

[P. 114]
[Plate VIII]

3:Petrullo E-5 (1931)1932

SP8 Bororo SP8
Bacaini SP7

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[Facing P 180-A]

[Plate XXV-A]

3:Petrullo E-5 (1931)1932

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Bacairi SP7

PLATE XXV

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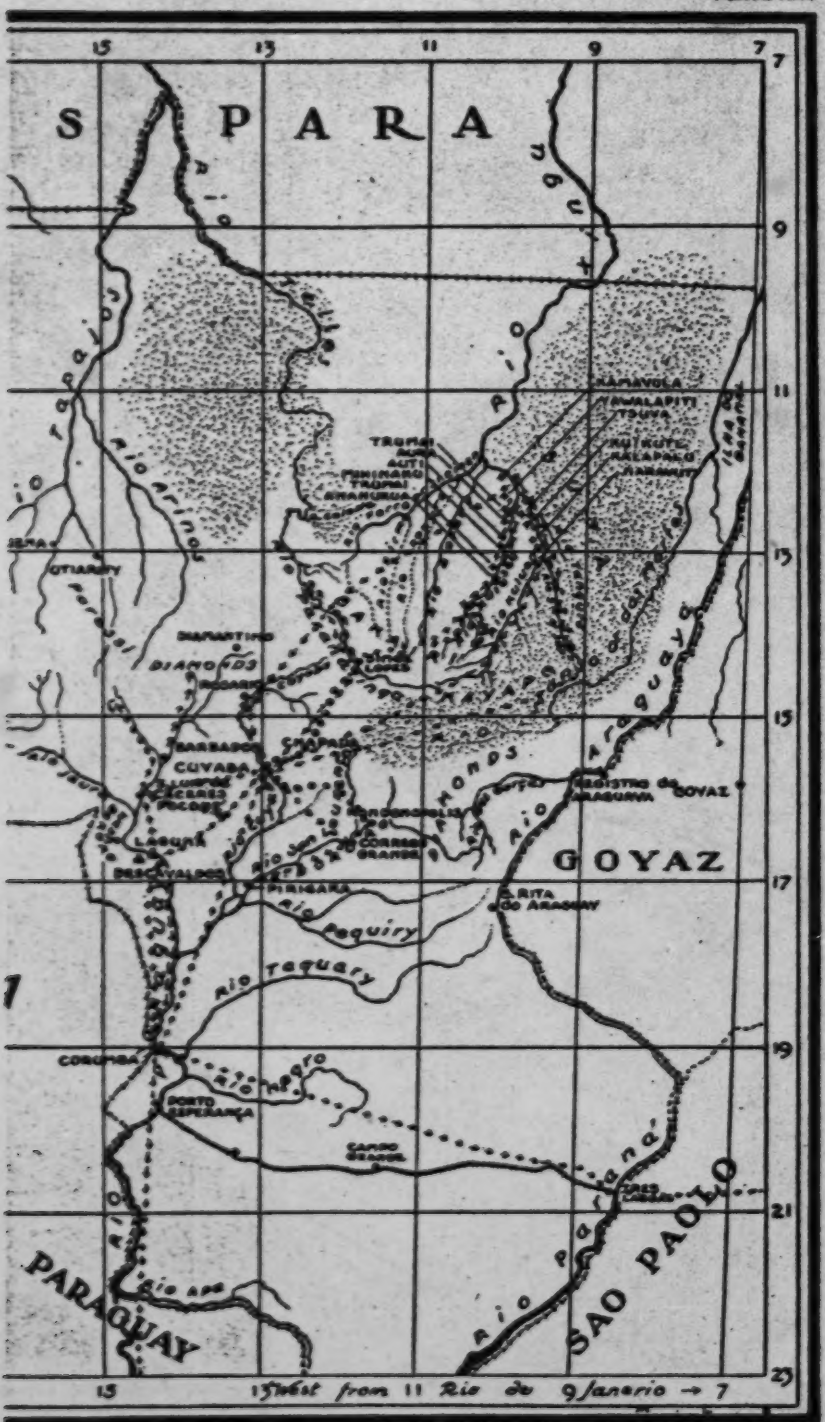
S P A R A
GOYAZ
PARAGUAY
SAO PAULO
Rio Taquary
Rio Paquiry
Rio Apa
Rio Negro
Rio Araguaya
Rio Tapajoz
Rio Arinos
Rio Juruena
Rio Paraguay
Rio Jauru
Rio Sao Lourenço
Rio Cuyaba
Rio Correntes
Rio Piquiry
Rio Aquidauana
Rio Miranda
Rio Taquary
Rio Apa
Rio Negro

/113 cont./

797 Sangradouro, and the Coração de Jesus colony on the Rio
131 Barreiro, tributary of the Rio das Garças, which is generally
designated by the Bororo name Meruri, "place of the rays."
[114] I was in these missions in January of 1934. The road from
Cuyabá to the first one is about 50 leagues; and from there to
Meruri is still about 20 leagues.

133 Sangradouro is located on a height of 625 meters, and
Meruri on a height of 470 meters. The observatory of
132 Sangradouro verified, from its founding in the year of 1924,
as average temperature, 27°. The maximum took place in
/114/ January of 1926, with 38°, the minimum on June 20 of
1933, with -5°. The barometric average in Sangradouro up
to now is 715. The observatory of Meruri confirmed as
maximum temperature in the year of 1933, on August 28,
37.4°, as minimum of the same year, on June 22, -1.3°.

In Sangradouro the great freeze of June of 1933 nipped
132 the bananas, manioc, sugar cane, tomatoes, coffee, mango,
291 avocado and the buriti, while the plants with thorns, such as
orange trees, lemon trees, and the rose bushes did not suffer
at all. In Meruri they plant maize, rice, manioc, sugar cane,
vineyards, pineapple, and other fruits.

In January of 1931, 37 Bororo families, which numbered
162 185 individuals, lived in Sangradouro. In January of 1934
[163] only 5 families were there, composed of 11 adults and twelve
children.

On January 18 of 1934 28 Bororo families lived in Meruri,
that is, 32 men, 28 women, 33 children of male sex and 44
children of the female sex, 137 individuals in all.

In the environs of the prospectors' settlement Poxoreu,
[137] which arose more or less in 1925 on the west bank of the Rio
Poxoreu, at about 54° 20' west longitude and 16° south
latitude, and which in May of 1933 numbered 254 houses
with 824 inhabitants, there lived among the Brazilians, in
[166] January of 1934, 70 Bororo, for the most part men. Fifty
[797] of them had emigrated in the /115/ previous year from

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

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The Basin of a Primeval Lake, where the Rio Vermelho takes its rise, near the site of a Primitive Forest.

122

Eating Christmas Dinner.

[Facing p. 354]

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

The following day, we turned aside from the trail to visit a beautiful cascade where the water descended about one hundred feet in seven jumps.

The Christmas season came and went while I was on this expedition. What a remarkable Christmas it was! How almost infinitely removed it was from the Christmas seasons I had passed in other days, the memory of which seemed like a strange dream! We were in the height of summer, and vegetation, displaying abounding life, was growing with marvelous luxuriance. The world of natural life, arrayed in its magnificent bridal robes, was certainly in harmony with the birthday of the Prince of Life.

Early in the day, I rode several miles over splendid grazing lands to visit a charming waterfall in the heart of the forest, the trees joined hands across it, forming an arbor of dense foliage beautifully draped with climbing vines, and the little stream flowed ever in eternal shadows. Enveloped in the shadows of a primeval forest at this delightful spot, a paradise of Nature, and listening to the soft music of splashing waters, far away from the haunts of men, we seemed to have left the careworn, excited world forever behind us.

My Christmas dinner, consisting of a fish, caught at the foot of the little falls just described, and a whole rib of beef together with a part of the backbone, was eaten at sunset while sitting on a box outside of our tent.

Near our camp was another pretty little waterfall. About five feet below the edge of the ledge over which the water dropped in a broad, thin sheet, a bench of rock jutted out just right for one to stand upon and take a delightful pour-bath, which was indulged in twice each day.

An incident occurred Christmas morning that gave us some feeling of insecurity. A venomous reptile killed a valuable dog of ours within one hundred feet of our tent. It was bitten on the neck, and had apparently fallen at once.

Leaving here, we followed for about one hundred miles the lofty plateau dividing the great river systems of the north and of the south. The edge of this great table is nearly

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

133 everywhere precipitous, and in many places, perpendicular. The basins below are, for the most part, fairly level, while here and there colossal towers arise. After a storm, the air [132] is amazingly clear and transparent. This, and the altitude of our position, enabled us to see enormous distances in every direction, and to look down upon a stupendous expanse of wild, rugged, unexplored and unknown world, that was scarred and furrowed, torn and upheaved by the storms, convulsions and subsidences of countless ages. Our view of the earth was like gazing at the moon through a powerful telescope, and beholding a hemisphere of mountains and hills, plateaux, valleys and chasms. At one place, the Rio Vermelho has tunneled under a mountain and one can look down into appalling depths; while at other exceedingly interesting localities on the edge of this Giant's table, some of which we visited New Year's day, this river has made prodigious excavations. Once, standing on the edge of a broad, vertical-walled gorge and shouting toward the opposite wall, we listened to a splendid echo which bounded and rebounded, again and again, zigzagging, as it descended the gorge to the open basin. We also saw this day, numerous rain-storms raging around us at the same moment, some near and others remote. This was one of the most peculiar and interesting New Year's Days that I have ever experienced.

131 Steamboats could ascend from the Amazon and from the river della Plata to within a few miles of where we stood. There are rapids to overcome on the Amazon side, 'tis true, but none on the Rio della Plata side. This would give nearly three thousand miles of navigation each way from the divide.

We had now left civilization behind and were getting into the land of the Bororó. Our New Year's encampment was 361 609 291 302 close to the first small village of this tribe that we had yet seen, and these simple dwellers of the wilderness, wearing nothing but a coat of red grease, thronged about us all the time we remained here, gazing at us curiously, for we were 533 no less a freak to them than they were to us. It was while here that I first heard them sing the *bakororó*, the wild man's

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

The same day, we descended through the forest into a deep, narrow valley, then up the precipitous side of a mountain having six or seven terraces, descending, finally, into the basin of the Rio Vermelho, which is covered by a dense forest, and passing close to an immense rock called the Tower of Antonico, which rises vertically to a height of five or six hundred feet. We were ascending and descending and cutting our way all day, encountering everywhere the beaten runways of wild beasts, such as tapirs, pigs, capibaras and jaguars.

About evening, we arrived at another small encampment of the Bororó by the Rio Vermelho. As we approached the cluster of huts, we were greeted by a volley of *college yells*, or war-whoops, given by the Bororó in honor of their two fellow tribesmen, who were accompanying us, and of my companion. We remained here until morning, passing the night in one of the savage huts. It was littered with rubbish, but we got the natives to clean up a little, then to sprinkle some clean sand around on the ground. This work was done by the females.

This was an extremely wild appearing spot. The somewhat open space in which the few primitive residences were clustered, was shaggy with a low growth of bushes and trees, and hemmed in closely on all sides by a dense, unbroken virgin forest; while in seemingly perfect harmony with these savage, austere, though wildly picturesque surroundings, were the nude, brightly painted, uncouth appearing human beings who existed here, their long, black, gum-matted hair flowing over their shoulders. One could not fail to be profoundly impressed when contemplating the strange, awe-inspiring picture of these children of Nature nestling, like Adams and Eves and their progenies, in the bosom of wild, unsubdued Mother Nature, exceedingly remote from civilization and almost as untouched by it as the Cave Dwellers. The red, earth-charged torrent of the Rio Vermelho flowed through and added to the wild beauty of this Paradise of Nature. It was at hightide at the time of our visit, and many varieties of excellent fish sported in shoals in its turbid waters. The

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

Chapter XXXII.

LIFE AMONG THE BORORÓ.—EYED CONSTANTLY BY A HORDE OF NUDE SAVAGES.—ASTONISHING MAKE-UPS.—PRIMITIVE HOUSEKEEPING AND SANITATION.—HORTICULTURE.—FOODS.—VEGETABLE COWS.—A WONDERFUL PALM.

After nearly two months of horseback riding and camping, we arrived at the confluence of the river Pogúbu, or Ponte de Pedra, and the Rio Vermelho, which is about forty miles north of the junction of the former river with the São Laurenço. Here, we found a large Bororó village, called the Tá Dáre Máno Páro—potato bank—where we remained several weeks, camping in a stake-walled, palm-branch roofed hut that had been erected a quarter of a mile from the Indian village by my companion. We had to cross the river Pogúbu, which we did in a small, dugout canoe made by Senhor Antonio, and swam our horses over. It is about two hundred yards wide at this point, deep, and has a strong current. A heavy rain storm broke just as we were within a few hundred yards of our destination, so we rushed our entire cavalcade right into the big, open hut.

When our arrival became known at the primitive metropolis, and it was known instantly, our hut began to fill with our nude and painted fellow beings of all ages and both sexes, who came to observe us and to examine all the marvelous things that we had brought from our wonderful, and to them, enchanted world. They flocked in upon us regularly at dawn

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FOLLOWING THE WILD MAN'S TRAIL.—LIFE IN A SAVAGE CLUB-HOUSE.—FLOATING DOWN THE RIO POGÚBU.

WHILE we had our headquarters near the Ta Dare Mano Paro village, we made a visit to the Kogi au Paro village of the same tribe some twenty miles distant.

We followed a trail used only by the savages, and over which no civilized man had ever before passed. It led largely through a forest which was so dense in many places, that the trail was like an opening through a thick hedge, or through a wall. This opening was just large enough to permit the naked wild man to pass comfortably. But we were mounted on mules, and had one mule carrying two boxes containing our cooking outfit and food. Consequently, we had to make the hole larger on all sides. Even after our muleteer, who led the way on foot, had enlarged the opening, we were compelled to practice rough riding continually to avoid being raked off our beasts, or having our limbs crushed. Besides, our passage was barred by many deep ravines, gulches, washouts and streams, the banks of which were often nearly vertical. Our mules were experts in descending the banks, for they would bunch up their feet, like mountain goats, and slide down. But, in many cases, they were unable to climb out on the other side until we had dug steps with a grubbing-hoe. There was often deep water in these places. We also encountered at nearly every step great bunches of wild pine-

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

which was hanging on a tree, and some large, black ants that sting worse than a hornet, planted their stings into the joints of my fingers. Altogether, I felt as if I were on fire. But near morning, we got a little respite from the mosquitoes, for a fog settled down over the forest. As soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, the "day gangs" of our little tormentors renewed the attack.

All during the second day we continued to carve our way through the tangled vegetation, and to drag ourselves along, arriving at our destination at nightfall, exhausted, and nearly in tatters. To increase our discomfiture, we were short of food, for our cook had neglected to bring along any beef other than the potful he had boiled just before we begun our journey. Therefore, we had to eat sparingly; and to fry the whole potful again and again, each time we dined, to keep it from spoiling.

We were a freak to the primitive citizens of the Kogi au Paro village, many of whom having never before seen a *braidi*—white man. The women and children, especially, came out of their huts, and standing at the entrances, like prairie-dogs on their hillocks, gazed intently at us with fear and curiosity.

This village had swarmed some time previous to our visit, and was now two villages. The new brood occupied open ground near the river, but the mother horde lived in the wildest locality that I have ever seen human beings dwell in. To reach it, we had to cross the river Pogúbu, which was between one and two hundred yards wide, with a strong, flood-like current. Having nothing with which to ferry ourselves over, we had to plunge in and swim, towing our baggage over, assisted by two Bororó, on a rude float made by binding together three bunches of bamboo rods. There was but one spot on the opposite side of the river where we could get ashore, owing to the impenetrable masses of bushes and trees that lined the edge of the water and reached far out into it. To allow for the current, and to avoid striking below this particular spot, we had to work up at the edge of the river

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

sun was a little clouded and the day charming, and a primitive forest, clothed in its beautiful robes of perennial green, lined both sides of our watery path. As we were borne along by the current, we came upon a Bororó fishing party. These bronze, entirely nude savages, standing upon the rocks at the water's edge, in the shadow of the great trees, the beautiful and luxuriant foliage of which formed a background, looked exceedingly picturesque and romantic. They eyed us with deep interest as we moved silently past them, having never before seen such an object on the river.

But as we proceeded, our Bororó companions caused us feelings of anxiety by continually pointing down the river and muttering, *canoa by*—canoe die, the raft will be wrecked—calling the raft by the Brazilian word for canoe, not having a word of their own.

At length, as we were swept rapidly around a bend, we saw a little island in the middle of the stream and the water dashing over the rocks that extended out from its head, while in the center of the only channel through which we might now pass, were other large rocks which churned the on-rushing waters into a foam. This left us but a very narrow gateway between the jaws of destruction. Could we strike this opening? We did not know just where the current was carrying us, but it appeared to be sweeping us straight onto the rocks, and we knew that if our raft should strike them, it would certainly *die*. We were in great alarm, and paddled and poled with all our strength, though without any apparent results. But the Unseen Hand had not forsaken us, and we slipped through the jaws of destruction in perfect security. Once more we saw that in our mad endeavors to escape the danger, we had done everything in our power to get into it.

All had gone well again for some time, though the Bororó still continued to point down the river and mutter ominously, *canoa by*, when, as we were borne quickly around another turn in the river, our hearts almost stood still at the sight of a chain of rapids that stretched entirely across the river, more than half the area of which was littered with boulders,

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

[133] over which the waters seathed and roared; and our float seemed to be making for the very worst place, despite all our efforts to work it over out of the zone of greatest danger. The outlook was dismal to the last degree, so we prepared ourselves to be wrecked. But once again it was evident that the Unseen Hand was guiding us, for we passed the rapids in perfect safety and without touching a rock.

Our Bororó companions now ceased to point down the river and to say *rasse by*, for we were nearing home. But how should we contrive to make a landing at our headquarters, was a question that gave us no little anxiety. There was only a narrow gateway through the snags that cumbered the edge of the river, into which we must slip quickly, though we needed a broad clear space into which to slowly work our unwieldy float. Senhor Antonio tried to get in at a port which was a long distance above our hut, but failed, though he nearly cast us upon the rocks, and we were in great danger for a few minutes. But God cared for us to the last; and getting as near the shore as we dared, we slipped in at the landing-place without striking even a snag. If we had missed this port, we would have been compelled to go a long way down the river before finding another.

We were glad to be again in our own hut where we were not troubled by insects, and could obtain an abundance of beef and milk—about our only food.

/440 cont./

P 173 was born on the Matihurizá, "where there is neither land nor forest," that is, no shore, "and he went far upstream." The Matihurizá is the Tapajoz, if it does not represent the Amazonas itself. Thus, if the main movement of the Karaiben tribes was in the direction from south to north, at least this part of the Nu-Aruak group moved from north to south.

To be sure, the good people are not concerned about the slight contradiction that Uazale came from the far north and that his grandmother Maisõ made the Rio Cuyabá as the first of all rivers!

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Chapter XVII.

On the Bororõ.

I. Historical. Founding of the Colonies.

Bororõ da Campanha and do Cabaçal. "Coroados" = Bororõ. Confusion in the literature. Little Sebastian. Martius. Ending of warfare and catechesis. Pillage in the colonies.

B 101 Two groups of Bororõ are distinguished in the Mato Grosso: the "Bororõs da Campanha," or of the plains, and the "Bororõs B Cabaçaes," or of the Rio Cabaçal. The Bororõs da Campanha 131 live in small settlements below Villa Maria, on the right bank 133 of the Paraguay and Jaurú, toward Boliwia, the Bororõs do 361 Cabaçal not far from them in the north, along the banks and in the source region of the river of the same name as well as of the Jaurú, both of which empty into the upper Paraguay from the right, the former at Villa Maria, the latter somewhat farther south.

B 175 These Bororõ were not infrequently visited by travelers; in [114] 1827 they came into contact with the Langsdorff Expedition; in the same year the Austrian naturalist Natterer gathered an abundant collection among them, now in the Vienna Hofmuseum; Count Castlenau and his companion Weddell, who stayed in the Mato Grosso during their famous crossing of South America in

/448 cont./

291 native straw cuff; as soon as they were outside the walls of the city
177 they took everything off, packed up the finery, and merely kept their green cards around their necks for a few more days as a memento of the conversion.

142 They were tall, sturdy chaps, striking on account of thick
199 forehead bulges, without eyebrows and lashes. They were delighted with the sights of Cuyabá, where they were spoiled like children, except that they were given alcohol instead of sweets.

[192] They were particularly delighted with Wilhelm's opera hat; they greeted the snapping sound with a bear-growl hu hú of laughter and slapped Wilhelm on the shoulder in appreciation.

[262] When they were in the house with us they always wanted to drink or to eat "mandióca" or "tapira," which meant beef and not tapir, or to sleep or comb their hair. They found friends everywhere, and when they stood with us at the house door every passing Negress would nod to them sociably: "Ah, the compadres! How are you, compadre? Está bom, compadre."

114 On 14 March 1888 we set out to visit Thereza Christina, but we were obliged to forgo visiting Izabel. Duarte was staying longer in Cuyabá and wanted to join us later. The Bakaïrí Antonio and the two comrades /Kameraden here means peons/, Carlos and Peter, accompanied us. The mules were once again in such good condition that we were able to use the best ones as riding animals.

122 Our first destination, the old military colony, lies 16°32', 6
[131] south latitude and 0°59', 9 east of Cuyabá on the right bank of the S. Lourenço, almost exactly /Pl. XXV appears here/
[133] /449/ southeast of Cuyabá. We were obliged to cross a few tributaries of the Rio Cuyabá, climb the chapada /plateau/, and, half-way there, on 18 March, reached the Fazenda S. José at an altitude of 555 meters above the plaza of the Cuyaban cathedral or matriz /mother church/. To the southwest of it, lower down, are the fazendas of Cupim and Palmeiras, which chiefly provide for the colonies. Beyond S. José the country is uninhabited; the small white farm, walled like a fortress, appears in deep solitude a depression between bare slopes covered

[Text Continues on P. 553]

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SP9 Caraja SP9
Bororo SP8
Tapirape SP22

Sec. 1 /p. 369/	Sec. 2 /p. 370/	Sec. 3 /p. 371/
Sec. 4 /p. 372/	Sec. 5 /p. 373/	Sec. 6 /p. 374/

Chart of Positions of End Map B.
/Facing p. 368/

5: Krause--369 E-5 (1908) 1911 SP9 Caraja SP8
Bororo SP8
Tapirapé SP22

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Survey Map

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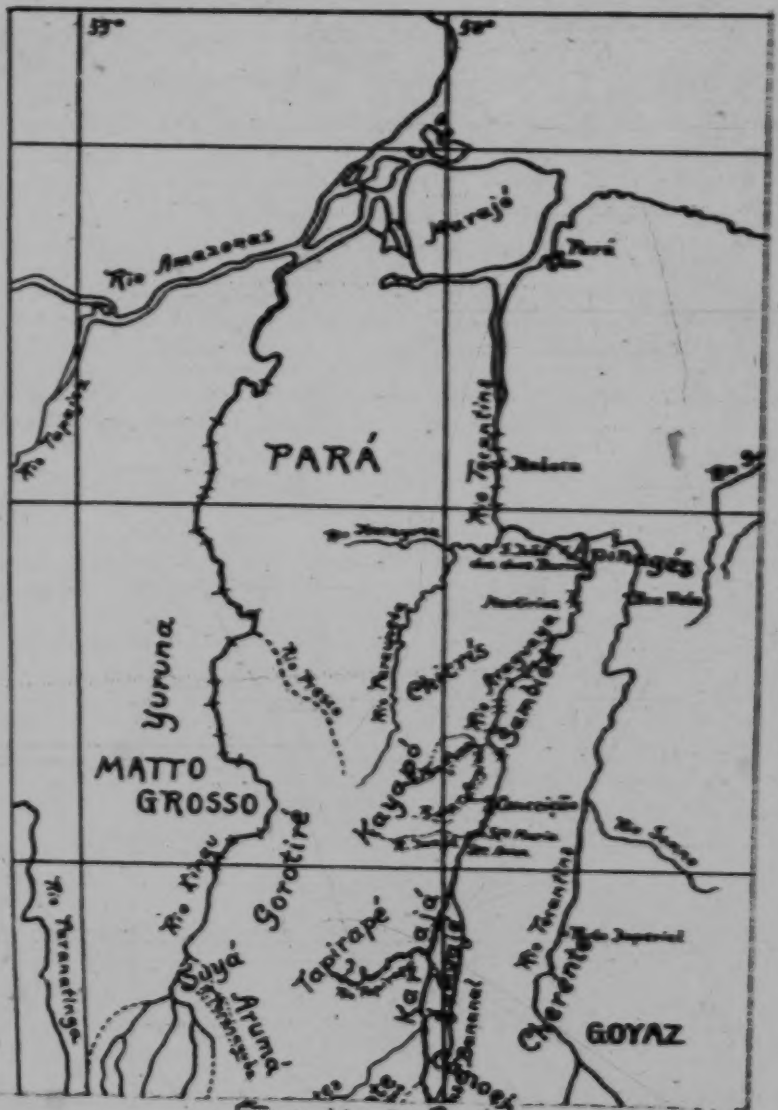
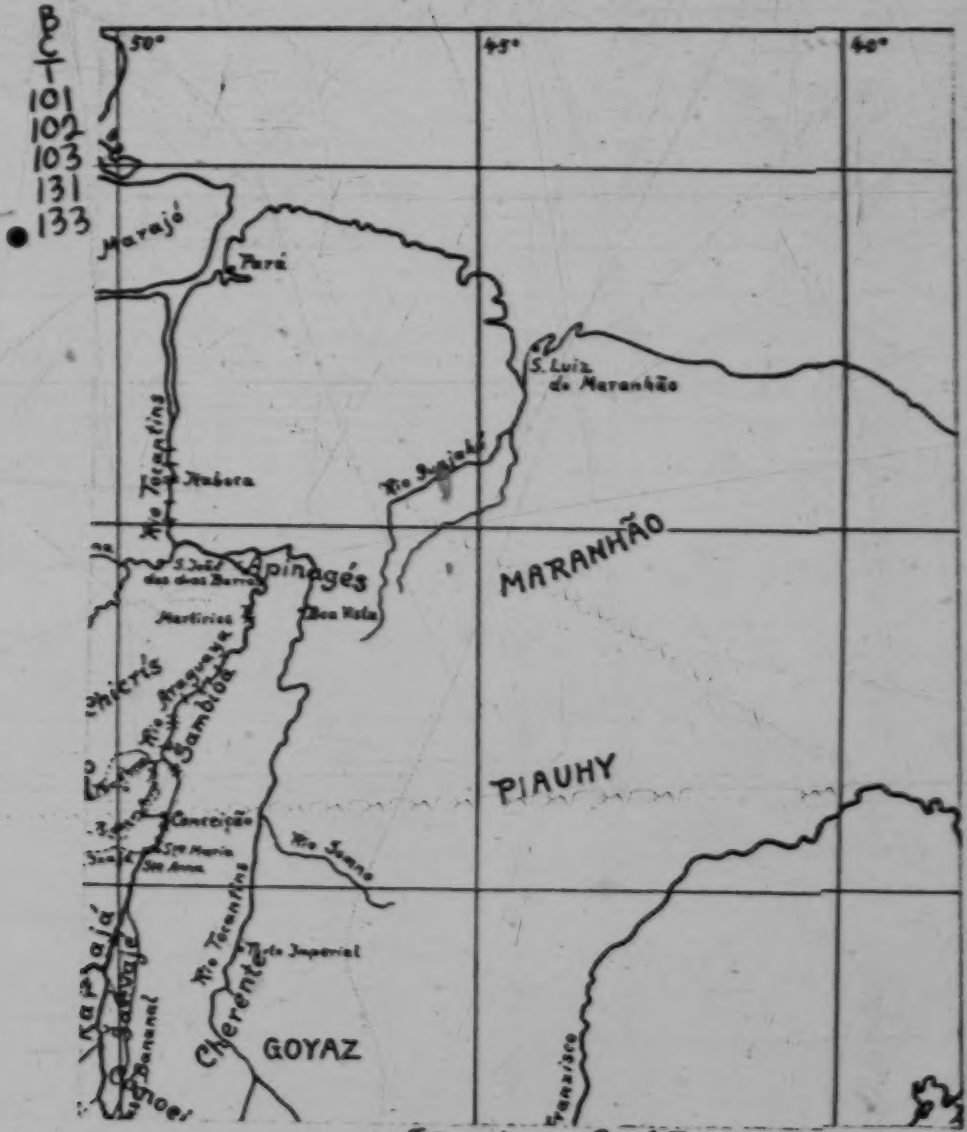


[End Map B-1]

5: Krause--370 E-5 (1908) 1911 SP9 Caraja SP9
Bororo SP8
Tapirape SP 22



[End Map B-2]

5: Krause--371 E-5 (1908) 1911 SP9 Caraja SP9
Botoro SP8
Tapirape SP82

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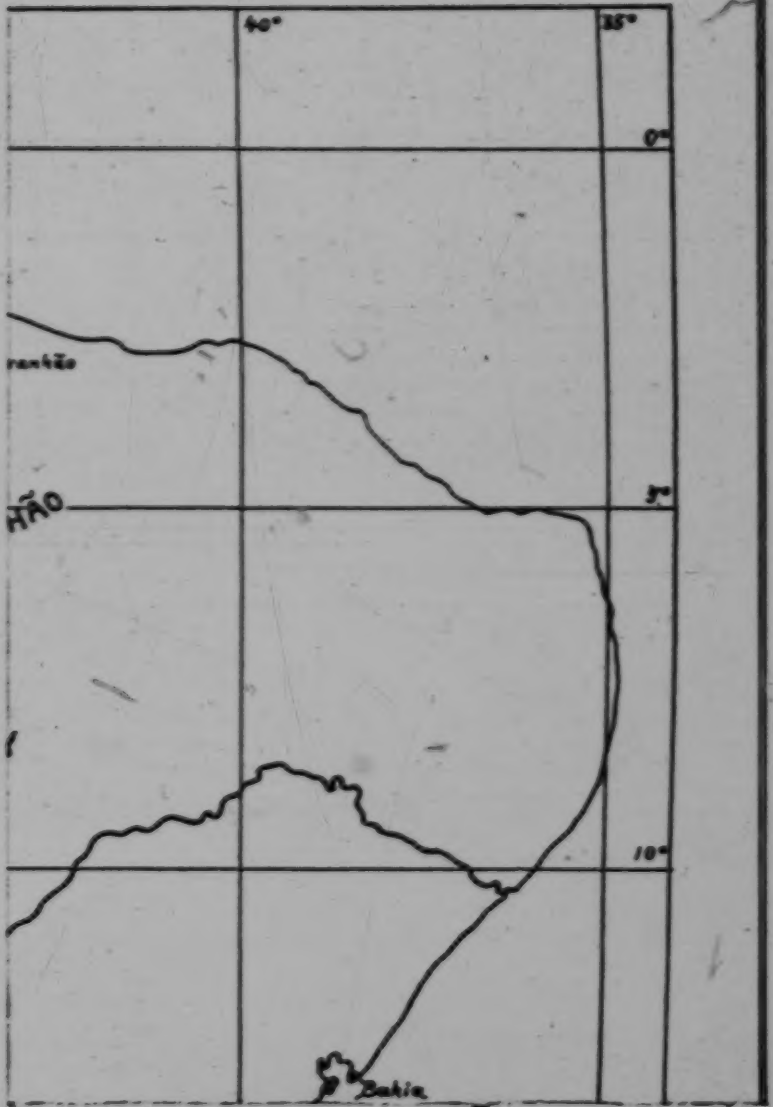
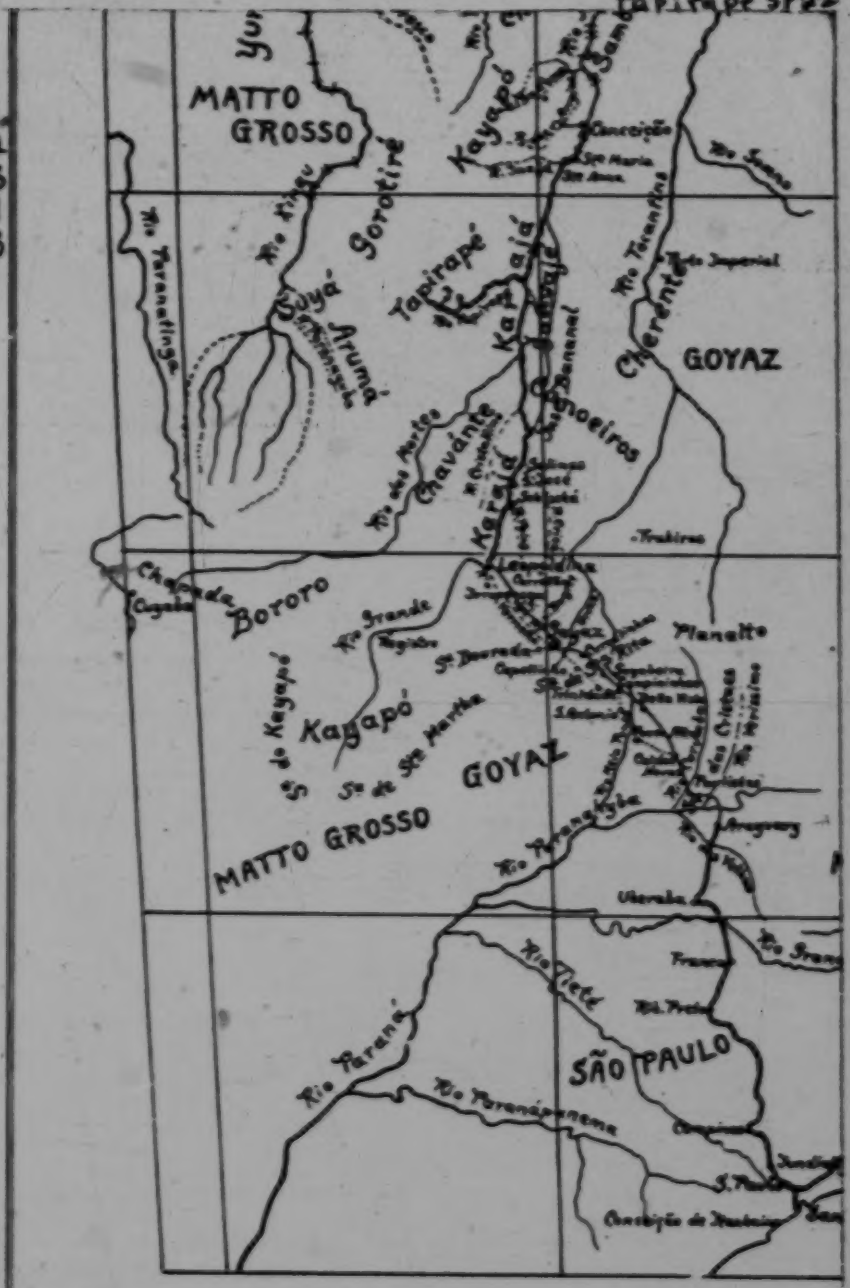
40°
35°
0°
5°
10°



[End Map B-3]

5: Krause--372 E-5 (1908) 1911 SP9 Caraja SP9 Bororo SP9 Tapirapé SP22

BCT
101
102
103
131
133

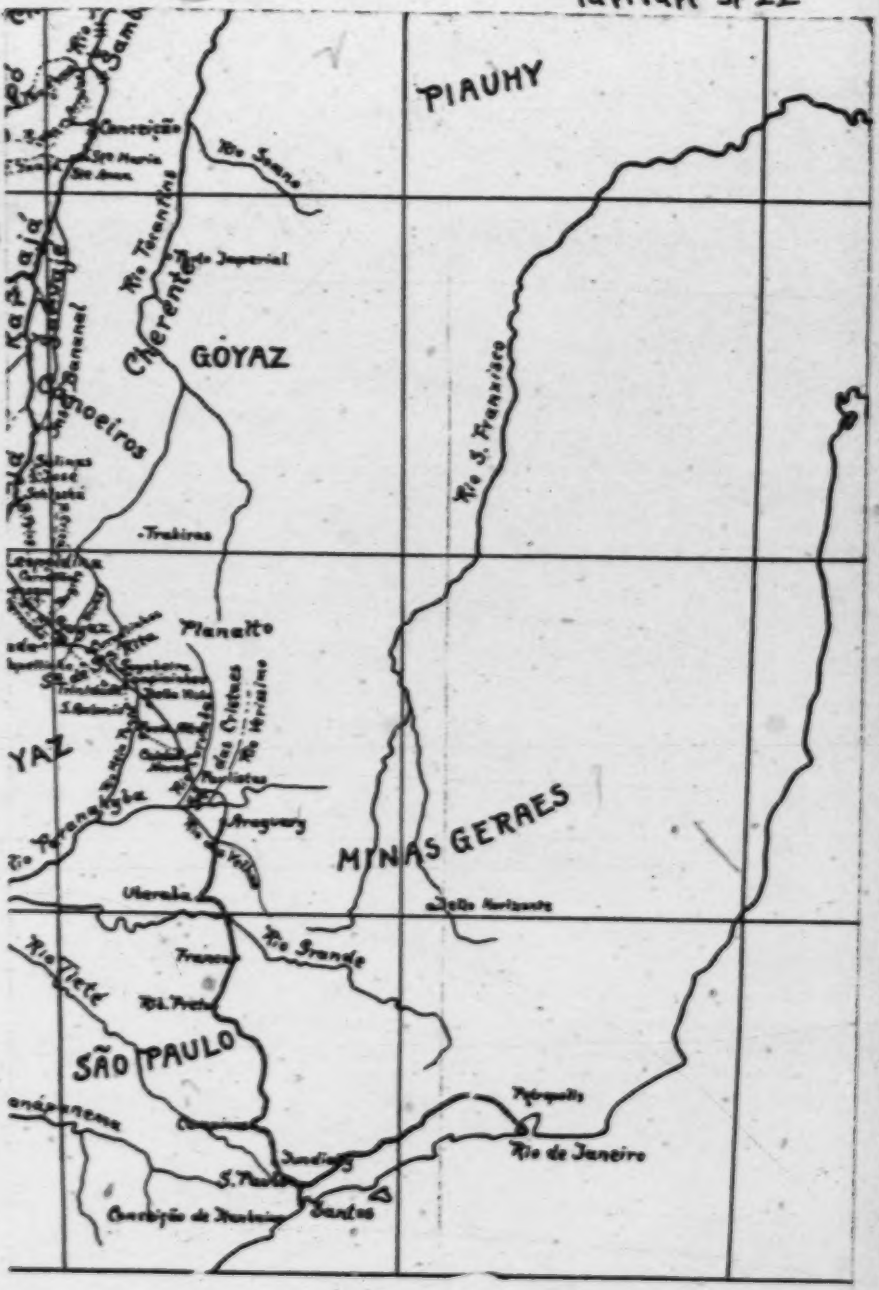


The travel route and the tribal names are entered in red.

[End Map B-4]

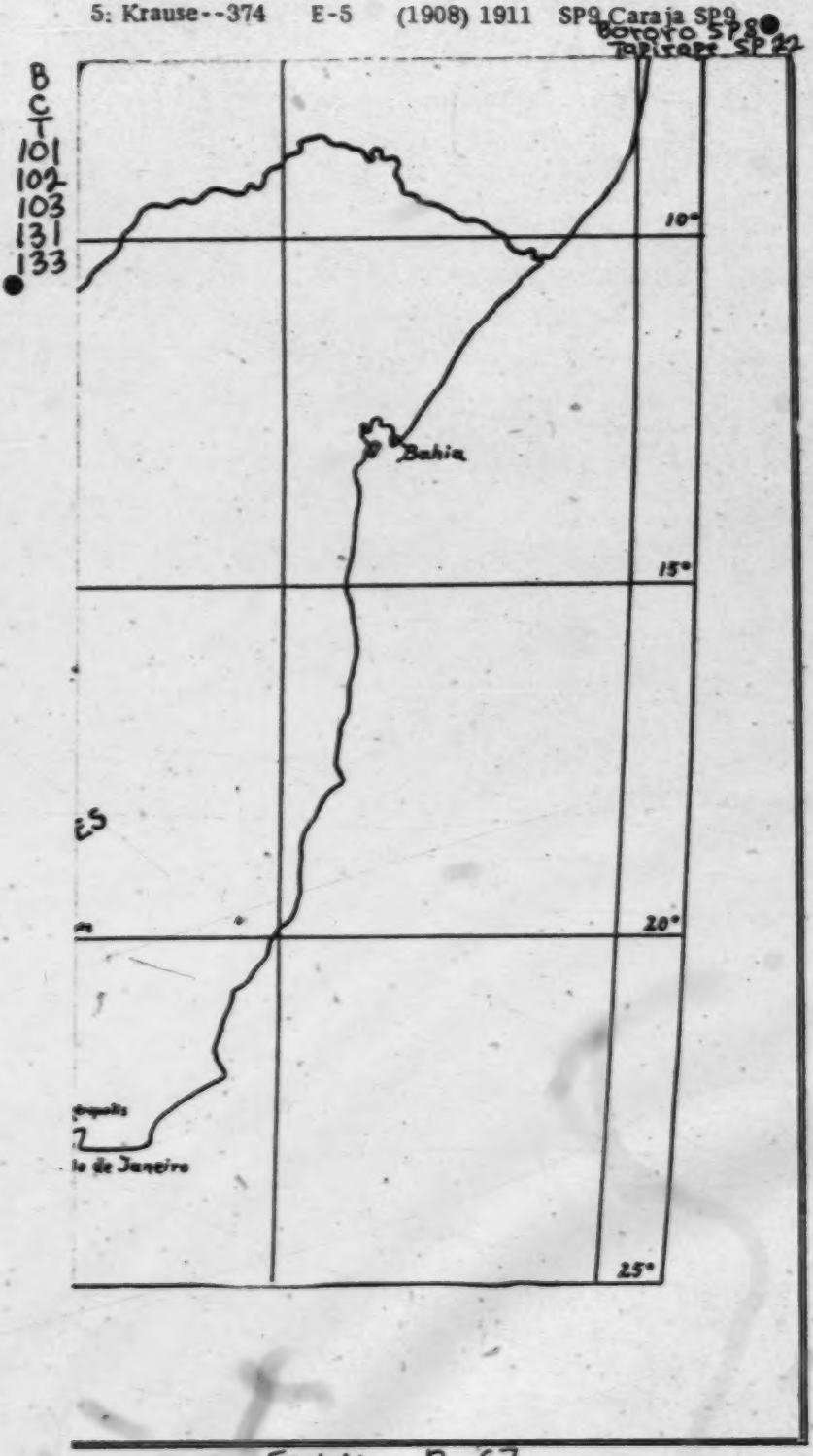
5: Krause--373 E-5 (1908) 1911 SP9 Caraja SP9
Botoro SP8
Tapirape SP22

BCT
101
102
103
131
133



[End Map B-5]

5: Krause--374 E-5 (1908) 1911 SP9 Caraja SP9
Boroto SP8
Tapirape SP22



[End Map B-6]